Rutland's Gig

To which are added,

The Colleen Daſs,

The Byncheen Louahrea,

The Banks of the Tweed.

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Binrin Lúcna

BYNCHEEN LOUAHREA.

ALONE of a morning as I walked by a
Greenwood ſide,
With my hounds & gun commanding with
deſcent becoming pride,
I met a charming creature whoſe fair locks I
chanced to view,
With a bunch of Ruſhes making as pleaſing
as ever grew.
I looked about moſt careful the places be-
ing free and clear,
I uſed ſome kind embraces with this fair laſs
I loved ſo dear,
Pray ſhe ſaid be eaſy I am a maid indeed
you are to know,
Theſe Ruſhes coſt ſome labour ſo ſpare them
and let me go.
O my dear ſit eaſy be pleaſing to me and
kind,
This moment is the ſeaſon that favours my
tender mind,
The Ruſhes do not ſpare them it's plain that
the like is growing,
Your Bunch I help in earneſt, and I'll favour
your going.
It's hard ſir to refuſe you, but to undo
me you mean,

Bear on my gown leſt you ſhou'd indure the
cold due or rain,
When on your knees my mantle raiſe, I am
ſure you won't me forſake,
My love commit no rudeneſs on me, as I do
all this for your ſake.

The COLLEEN DASS.

SWEET landlady my darling a quart
here now fill with ſpeed,
It may ſerve as a cordial perhaps in the time
of need,
I will pay you to the farthing what's called
for indeed and deed,
Here's a health to that charmer that cauſes
my heart to bleed.
Not wealth or great eſtates deareſt maiden
that makes me moan,
Your cattle nor friends favour, I crave not,
but you alone,
Give me your hand in earneſt don't leave me
with cold diſdain,
One kiſs from your fair lips would eaſe me
of all my pain.
Exceeding lovely fair one pray grant me
ſome kind relief,
You are the only balſam that can cure me
and quell my grief,
Accept a heart right faithful whoſe care ſhall
be ſtill to pleaſe,

Releaſe your wounded ſlave deareſt maiden
and give ſome eaſe.
I am a young rake that love's to play with
the pretty maids,
But now I am enſnared by a maid who my
heart betrayed,
Her love enchanting face does encreaſe my
ſad grief and care,
It is for her ſweet ſake now I rove here in
deep deſpair.
On a fair ſummer's morning I walked for
to take the air,
I met my lovely fair one whoſe form was
nice and rare,
The dreſs ſhe wore was neat and the treſſes
of her golden hair,
In ringlets being quite careleſs this charmer
out-ſhines the fair.
No borrowed locks diſgrace this fair mai-
dens head or neck,
No feathers, pins or wires with which the
Ladies themſelves bedeck,
No feathered plumes or ſtreamers wavering
before the wind,
But the treaſes of her locks of hair diſplay-
ing a virtuous mind.

RUTLAND's GIG.

IF you wiſh to ſee her Grace,
The Circular Road it is the place,
For there each day ſhe drives her Gig,
With her hair cut cloſe like a Swadler's wig,

For now it's quite the ton,
To drive your Gig along.
And buſtle among the throng,
With horſes whoſe tails are long.
But now ſince Gigs are all the ton,
Each Lady of Faſhion muſt get one,
And A—n D——h has promis'd his rib,
That he for the future will drive her Gig:
Since driving is her delight,
From morning until night,
She ſays, my dear, drive right,
As you know my Gig is tight.
Some Ladies mount in Gigs ſo high,
With whip in hand they touch the ſky,
They drive as ſmooth along the air,
As if Balloons had kept them there;
It's a very pleaſing ſight,
To ſee them take their flight,
With hats and feathers white,
To be mounted is their delight.
We hear for fact that now in Rome,
They're making a wonderful Air Balloon,
To carry the Pope in ſafety here,
For to become a Volunteer,
Her G——e will lend her Gig,
To carry the Pope's big wig,
And all her robes of ſtate,
That he may appear complete.
Laſt night I heard two ladies chat,
About the faſhion of the hat;
Says one, my dear I'll tell you what,
Her Grace now wears St. George's *Cock*;
I'm told 'tis all the ton,

'Tis worn by old and young,
I vow I muſt get one,
For I long to put it on.
Peg Pl——t has certainly me aſſured,
That ſhe'll ſend a petition unto the board,
That A—n W——n muſt get her a Gig,
For the money he ſav'd by ſticking of Pigs;
For how can ſhe follow her trade,
If for her *Jobs* ſhe is not paid,
Or her horſes and ſervants provide,
On the Circular Road for to ride?
The Caſtle Hacks muſt now be quiet,
Nor in our ſtreets ſhall they breed a riot,
Nor muſt they our Citizens wives offend,
For the Volunteers will ſtand their friends;
Their Iriſh Hearts are ſtout,
They'll drive *bad* MANNERS out,
And all the Hireling Crew,
They mean for to ſubdue.
The Weavers now all quit their loom,
And meet in Council on the Coomb,
They all agree with one conſent,
To clothe our preſent P——t
With Tar and Feathers rare,
Which they apply with care,
It is in the Weaver's Square,
Their cloathing they prepare.
Now ſince Fun is all the mode,
We hear her Grace will quit the Road,
The Beaux are determined one and all,
To follow her Grace to Funny Hall,
For there is ſuch Mirth and Fun,

Among groups of old and young,
And Belles with Saſhes on,
They get from Beaux of Fun.
Ye Iriſh Fair-ones take advice,
Let no Court-faſhion you entice,
Nor ſtrive to imitate her Grace,
Each day to ſhew a new made Face;
Let Rouge be baniſh'd hence,
And all French Ornaments,
And then to all Men of ſenſe,
You'll ſupport your Conſequence.

The BANKS of the TWEED.

TO the ſoft murmuring ſtreams I will ſing of my love,
How delight'd am I when abroad I can rove,
To indulge a fond paſſion for Jockey my dear,
When he's abſent I ſigh but how blythe when he's near.
To his rural amuſement to delight my fond heart,
Come away to my arms love and never depart
To his pipe I could ſing for he's bonny and gay,
Did he kow how I love him no longer he'd ſtay.
Neither Linnet or Nightingale ſing half ſo ſweet,
Nor the murmuring ſtreams ſuch kind echo's repeat,

It ſo raviſhed my heart and delighted my ear
Swift as lightning I flew to the arms of my dear.
Surprized and detected ſome moments did ſtand,
Like the roſes her cheek and the lily her hand
Which ſhe placed to her breaſt and ſaid Jockey I fear,
I have been too imprudent, pray how came you here.
For to viſit my ewes and to ſee the lambs play,
By the Banks of the Tweed and the groves I did ſtray,
But Jenny dear Jenny how oft have I ſighed
And vowed endleſs love if you be me bride.
To the author of Hymen then let us repair,
Where the knot of affection ſhall join the fond pair.

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